

# LEIGH HUNT'S LONDON JOURNAL.

TO ASSIST THE ENQUIRING, ANIMATE THE STRUGGLING, AND SYMPATHIZE WITH ALL.

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## GENII AND FAIRIES OF THE EAST, THE ARABIAN NIGHTS, &c.

HAIL, gorgeous East! Hail, regions of the coloured morning! Hail, Araby and Persia!—not the Araby and Persia of the geographer, dull to the dull, and governed by the foolish,—but the Araby and Persia of books, of the other and more real East, which thousands visit every day—the Orient of poets, the magic land of the child, the unfaceable recollection of the man.

To us, the Arabian Nights are one of the most beautiful books in the world: not because there is nothing but pleasure in it, but because the pain has infinite chances of vicissitude, and because the pleasure is within the reach of all who have body and soul, and imagination. The poor man there sleeps in a door-way with his love, and is richer than a king. The Sultan is dethroned to-morrow, and has a finer throne the next day. The pauper touches a ring, and spirits wait upon him. You ride in the air; you are rich in solitudes; you long for somebody to return your love, and an Eden encloses you in its arms. You have this world, and you have another. Fairies are in your moon-light. Hope and imagination have their fair play, as well as the rest of us. There is action heroic, and passion too: people can suffer, as well as enjoy, for love; you have bravery, luxury, fortitude, self-devotion, comedy as good as Moliere's, tragedy, Eastern manners, the wonderful that is in a common-place, and the verisimilitude that is in the wonderful calendars, cadis, robbers, enchanted palaces, paintings full of colour and drapery, warmth for the senses, desert in arms and exercises to keep it manly, cautions to the rich, humanity for the more happy, and hope for the miserable. Whenever we see the Arabian Nights they strike a light upon our thoughts, as though they were a talisman encrusted with gems; and we fancy we have only to open the book for the magic casket to expand, and enclose us with solitude and a garden.

This wonderful work is still better for the West than for the East; because it is a thing remoter, with none of our common-places; and because, our real opinions not being concerned in it, we have all the benefit of its genius without being endangered by its prejudices. The utility of a work of imagination indeed must outweigh the drawbacks upon it in any country. It makes people go out of themselves, even in pursuit of their own good; and is thus opposed to the worst kind of selfishness. These stories of vicissitude and natural justice must do good even to Sultans, and help to keep them in order, though it is doubtful how far they may not also serve to keep them in possession. With us, the good is unequivocal. The cultivation of hope comes in aid of the progress of society; and he may safely retreat into the luxuries and rewards of the perusal of an Eastern tale, whom its passion for the beautiful helps to keep in heart with his species, and by whom the behaviour of its arbitrary kings is seen in all its regal absurdity, as well as its human excuses.

Like all matters on which the poets have exercised their fancy, the opinions respecting the nature of the supernatural beings of the East have been rendered inconsistent, even among the best authorities. Sir John Malcolm says that *Deev* means a Magician,

whereas, in the Persian Dictionary of Richardson, it is rendered Spirit and Giant; by custom, a Devil: and Sir John uses it, in the same sense in general. D'Herbelot uses it in the sense of Dæmon, and yet in his article on Solomon it is opposed to it, or simply means Giant. Richardson tells us, that Peri means a beautiful creature of no sex; whereas, according to Sir William Ouseley, it is always female; and Richardson himself gives us to understand as much another time. Upon the whole, we think the following may be taken as the ordinary opinion, especially among authors of the greatest taste and genius.

The Persians (for all these supernatural tales originated with the Persians, Indians, and Chaldeans, and not with the Arabs, except in as far as the latter became united with the Persians) are of opinion, that many kings reigned, and many races of creatures existed, before the time of Adam.\* The geologists ought to have a regard for this notion, which has an air of old knowledge beyond ours, and falls in with what has been conjectured respecting the diluvial strata. According to the Persians, a time may have existed, when mammoths, not men, were lords of the creation; when a gigantic half-human phenomenon of a beast put his crown on with what was only a hand by courtesy; and elephants and leviathans conversed under a sky in which it was always twilight. Very grand fictions might be founded on imaginations of this sort;—a Præ-adamite epic: and knowledge and sensibility might be represented as gradually displacing successive states of beings, till man and woman rose with the full orb of the morning,—themselves to be displaced by a finer stock, if the efforts of cultivation cannot persuade them to be the stock themselves.

The race immediately preceding that of human kind resembled them partly in appearance, but were of gigantic stature, various-headed, and were composed of the element of fire. These were the Genii, Deevs, or race of *Gigantic Spirits*, (*the Jann or Jinn of the Arabs*,—Pers. *Jannian or Jinnian*†) They lived three thousand years each, and had many contests with other spirits, of whose nature we are left in the dark; but the heavens appear to have warred with them, among other enemies. A dynasty of forty, or according to others of seventy-two Solomons, reigned over them in succession, the last of whom was the renowned Soliman Jan-ben-Jan. His buckler, says D'Herbelot, is as famous among the Orientals, as that of Achilles among the Greeks. He

\* Giafar the Just, sixth Imam, or Pontiff of the Mussulmans, was of opinion, that there had been three Adams before the one mentioned in Scripture, and that there were to be seventeen more.—D'Herbelot, in the article '*Giafar*.'

† Pronounced Jann and Jinnian. So Isphahân, Goolistan, &c. It is a pleasure, we think, to know how to pronounce these Eastern words, and therefore we give the reader the benefit of our A B C learning. There is a couplet in Sir William Ouseley's *Travels* which *haunted* us for a month, purely because we had found out how to pronounce it, and liked the spirit of it. We repeat it from memory—

Haûn sheer khân!  
Belkeh sheer dendân!  
(Written—) Han shir khan  
Belkeh shir dendan.)

The real spelling ought to be kept, for many reasons; but it is agreeable to find out the sound. The above couplet was an extempore of a Persian boy at an inn, who was struck with the dandy assumptions and enormous appetite of a native gentleman of the party. This person had been commissioned to show Sir William the country, and upon the strength of his having the name of Khan (as if one of us were a Mr Lord) gave himself the airs of the title. The jest of the little mimic (who gives us an advantageous idea of the Persian vivacity) would run something in this way in English, a lion being a common term of exaltation:—  
A lion-lord, indeed!  
You may know him by his feed.

possessed, also, in common with other Solimans, the cuirass called the Gebeh, and the Tig-atesch, or Smouldering Sword, which rendered them invisible in their wars with the demous.\* In his time the race had become so proud and so incorrigible to the various lessons given to them and their ancestors from above, that heaven sent down the angel Hareth to reduce them to obedience. Hareth did his work, and took the government of the world into his hands, but became so proud in his turn, that the deity in order to punish him created a new species of beings to possess the earth, and bade the angels fall down and worship it. Hareth refused, as being of a nobler nature, and was thrust, together with the chiefs of those who adhered to him, into hell, the whole race of the Genii being dismissed at the same time into the mountains of Kaf, and man left in possession of his inheritance. The Genii however did not leave him alone. They made war upon him occasionally till the time of the greatest of all the Solimans, Soliman ben Daoud (Solomon the son of David) who having finally conquered and driven them back, was allowed to retain power over them, to give peace of mind to such as had yielded in good time, and to compel the rest to succumb to him whenever he thought fit, as angels overcame the devils. These last are the rebellious Genii of the Arabian Nights. They are the *Deevs*, in the diabolical and now the only sense of the word,—Deev signifying a Gigantic Evil Spirit; and are all monsters, more or less, and generally black; though the most famous of them is the *Deev-Sifed*, or Great White Devil, whose conquest was the crowning glory of Rustam, the Eastern Hercules. They appear to be of different classes, and to have different names, except the latter be provincial. Some are called Ishreels, others Afreetes, and another is our old acquaintance the Goule (pronounced Ghool). They are permitted to wander from Kaf, and roam about the world, "as a security," says Richardson, "for the future obedience of man." They tempt and do mischief in the style of the Western Devil, the lowest of them infesting old buildings, haunting church-yards, and feeding on dead bodies. The reader will recollect the lady who supped with one of them, and who used to pick rice with a bodkin. These are the Ghools above mentioned (Ghul is the spelling). They sometimes inhabit waste places, moaning in the wind, and way-laying the traveller. A Deev is generally painted with horns, tails, and saucer eyes, like our devil; but an author now and then lavishes on a description of him all the fondness of his antipathy. The following is a powerful portrait of one of them, called an Afreet, in the Bahar Danush,—or Garden of Knowledge (translated from the Persian by Mr Gladwin):—

On his entrance, he beheld a black dæmon, heaped on the ground like a mountain, with two large horns on his head, and a long proboscis, fast asleep. In his head the Divine Creator had joined the likenesses of the elephant and the wild boar. His teeth grew out like the tusks of the wild boar, and all over his monstrous carcase hung shaggy hairs, like those of the bear. The eye of the mortal-horn was dimmed at his appearance, and the mind, at his horrible form and frightful figure, was confounded.

He was an Afreet created from mouth to foot by the wrath of God.

His hair like a bear's, his teeth like a boar's. No one ever beheld such a monster.

\* D'Herbelot, in the article '*Soliman Ben Daoud*.'

Crooked-backed and crab-faced; he might be scented at the distance of a thousand furlongs.

His nostrils were like the ovens of brick-burners, and his mouth resembled the vat of a dyer.

When his breath came forth, from its vehemence the dust rose up as in a whirl-wind, so as to leave a chasm in the earth; and when he drew it in, chaff, sand, and pebbles, from the distance of some yards were attracted to his nostrils.

Some of these wanderers about the world appear nevertheless to be of a milder nature than others, and undertake to be amiable on the subject of love and beauty: though this indeed is a mansuetude of which most devils are rendered capable. In the story of Prince Camaralzaman and the Princess of China, a "cursed Genie" makes common cause with a good Fairy in behalf of the two lovers. The Fairy makes no scruple of chatting and comparing notes with him on their beauty, at the same time addressing him by his title of "cursed," and wondering how he can have the face to differ with her. The devil, on the other hand, is very polite, calling her his "dear lady" and "agreeable Maimoune," and tremblingly exacting from her a promise to do him no harm, in return for his telling her no lies. The question demands an umpire; and, at a stamp of Maimoune's foot, out comes from the earth "a hideous, hump-backed, squinting and lame Genie, with six horns on his head, and claws on his hands and feet." Caschisch (this new monster) behaves like a well-bred arbiter; and the Fairy thanks him for his trouble. In the Arabian Tales, or Sequel to the Arabian Nights,\* is an evil Genius resembling the Asmodeus of the Devil on Two Sticks. Asmodeus is evidently Eastern, the Asmadai of the Paradise Lost.

There is a world of literature in the East, of which we possess but a little corner; though, indeed, that corner is exquisite, and probably the finest of all.†

So much for the rebellious or evil Jinn.

The Jinns obedient seldom make their appearance in a male shape, the Orientals, with singular gallantry of imagination, almost always making them females, as we shall see presently. The best of the males are of equivocal character, and retain much of the fiery and capricious natures of the Genii of old. They may be good and kind enough, if they have their way: but do not willingly come in contact with men, except to carry off their wives or daughters; still resenting, it would seem, the ascendancy of human kind, and choosing to serve their own princes and Genii, rather than be compelled to appear before masters of an inferior species,—for magicians have power over them, as our astrologers had over the spirits of Plato and the Cabala. They

\* The Arabian Tales are unquestionably of genuine Eastern ground-work, and amidst a great deal of pantomimic extravagance, far inferior to the Nights, have some capital stories. Il Boudocani, for instance, and Maugraby. But till we have the express authority of a scholar to the contrary, it is difficult to say, that a French hand has not interfered in it, beyond what is stated by the translator of the reformed edition. There are fine things in the story of Maugraby.

† Doubts have been gratuitously and not very modestly expressed of the value of the celebrated Eastern poets; but surely a few names could not have risen eminently above myriads of others, and become the delight and reverence of nations, without possessing something in common with the great attractions of humanity in all countries. Sir John Malcolm pronounces Ferdosi, the epic poet of Persia, to be a great and pathetic genius; and he gives some evidence of what he says, even in a prose sketch of one of his stories, which, says the original, is a story "full of the waters of the eye." There is a couplet, translated by Sir William Jones, from the same author, which shows he had reflected upon a point of humanity that appears obvious enough, and yet which was never openly noticed by an Englishman till the time of Shakespeare. Sir William's couplet is in the modern fashion, and probably not in the original simplicity, but it is well done, and fit to remember. It is upon crushing an insect.

Ah! spare you emmet, rich in hoarded grain:  
He lives with pleasure, and he dies with pain.

Do the gratuitous critics recollect, that the stories of Ruth and Joseph, and the sublime book of Job, are from the East; or that the religion of simplicity itself comes from that quarter? the religion that set children on its knees, and bade the orthodox Pharisee retire? It appears to us, highly probable, that even our Eastern scholars are liable to be mistaken respecting the pompous language of the Orientals. We talk of their high-flown metaphors, and eternal substitution of images for words; but how far would not our own language be liable to similar misconception, if translated in the same literal spirit? What should we think of Persians, who instead of overlooking the every day nature of our colloquial imagery should arrest it at every turn, and wonder how we can talk of standing in other people's shoes, taking false steps, throwing light on a subject, stopping the mouths of our enemies, &c.? There are bad and florid writers in all countries, perhaps more in Persia, because the people there are more fervent; but we should judge of a literature by its best specimens, not its worst.

come frightfully, as well as against the grain,—in clouds of thunder and with severe faces. Furthermore, they have a taste for deformity, if we are to judge from the description of Pari Banou's brother.

He was not above a foot and a half high, had a beard thirty feet long, and carried upon his shoulders a bar of iron of five hundred weight, which he used as a quarter-staff. But we will indulge ourselves (and we hope the reader) with an extract about him. Prince Ahmed, who has had the good luck to marry the gentle Pari, which has excited a great deal of jealousy and a wish to destroy him, is requested by his father (into whose dull head the thought has been put) to bring him a little monster of a man of the above description.

It is my brother, Schaibar, said the Fairy; he is of so violent a nature, though we had both the same father, that nothing prevents his giving bloody marks of his resentment for a slight offence; yet, on the other hand, so good as to oblige any one in what they desire. He is made exactly as the sultan your father described him, and has no other arms than a bar of iron of five hundred pounds weight, without which he never stirs, and which makes him respected. I will send for him, and you shall judge of the truth of what I tell you; but be sure you prepare yourself not to be frightened at his extraordinary figure, when you see him. What! my Queen, replied Prince Ahmed, do you say Schaibar is your brother? Let him be ever so ugly or deformed, I shall be so far from being frightened at the sight of him, that I shall love and honour him, and consider him as my nearest relation.

The Fairy ordered a gold chafing-dish, with fire in it, to be set under the porch of her palace, with a box of the same metal, which was a present to her, out of which taking some incense, and throwing it into the fire, there arose a thick smoke.

Some moments after, the Fairy said to Prince Ahmed, Prince, there comes my brother, do you see him? do you see him? The Prince immediately perceived Schaibar, who was but a foot and a half high, coming gravely with his bar on his shoulder; his beard, thirty feet long, which supported itself before him, and a pair of thick mustachios in proportion, tucked up to his ears, and almost covering his face. His eyes were very small, like a pig's, and deep sunk in his head, which was of enormous size, and on which he wore a pointed cap; besides all this, he had a hump behind and before.

If Prince Ahmed had not known that Schaibar was Pari Banou's brother, he would not have been able to look at him without fear; but knowing who he was, he waited for him with the Fairy, and received him without the least concern.

Schaibar, as he came forwards, looked at the Prince with an eye that would have chilled his soul in his body, and asked Pari Banou, when he first accosted her, who that man was? To which she replied, he is my husband, brother; his name is Ahmed; he is son to the sultan of the Indies. The reason why I did not invite you to my wedding was, I was unwilling to divert you from the expedition you were engaged in, and from which I heard, with pleasure, you returned victorious; on his account I have taken the liberty now to call for you.

At these words, Schaibar, looking on Prince Ahmed with a favourable eye, which, however, diminished neither his fierceness nor savage look, said, Is there anything, sister, wherein I can serve him?

We must have one more extract on this part of our subject from the same delightful work. The King of the Genii, in the beautiful story of Zeyn Alasnam (which ends with a piece of dramatic surprise equally unexpected and satisfactory), is a good Genius, and yet but a grim sort of personage. Our extract includes a boatman very awkward to sit with, an enchanted island, and a very princely Jinn.

Zeyn, Prince of Balsora, is in search of a ninth statue, which is necessary to complete a number bequeathed to him by his father. Agreeably to a direction found by him among the statues, he seeks an old servant of his father's, at Cairo, of the name of Morabee; and the latter undertakes to forward his wishes, but advertises him there is great peril in the adventure. The Prince determines to proceed, and Morabee directs his servants to make ready for a journey.

Then the Prince and he performed the ablution of washing, and the prayer enjoined, which is called farz; and that done they set out. By the way they took notice of abundance of strange and wonderful things, and travelled many days; at the end whereof, being come to a delightful spot, they alighted from their horses. Then Morabee said to all the servants that attended upon them, do you all stay in this place, and take care of our equipage till

we return. Then he said to Zeyn, Now, sir, let us go on by ourselves. We are near the dreadful place where the ninth statue is kept; you will stand in need of all your courage.

They soon came to a lake: Morabee sat down on the brink of it, saying to the Prince, We must cross this sea. How can we cross it, said Zeyn, when we have no boat? You will see one in a moment, replied Morabee; the enchanted boat of the King of the Genii will come for us. But do not forget what I am going to say to you; you must observe a profound silence; do not speak to the boatman, though his figure seem never so strange to you; whatsoever extraordinary circumstance you may observe, say nothing; for I tell you before hand, that if you utter the least word when we are embarked, the boat will sink down. I shall take care to hold my peace, said the Prince, you need only tell me what to do, and I will strictly observe it.

While they were talking, he espied on a sudden a boat in the lake, and it was made of red sandal wood. It had a mast of fine amber, and a blue satin flag; there was only one boatman in it, whose head was like an elephant's, and his body like a tiger's. When the boat was come up to the Prince and Morabee, the monstrous boatman took them up one after the other with his trunk, and put them into his boat, and carried them over the lake in a moment. He then again took them up with his trunk, set them on shore and immediately vanished with his boat.

Now we may talk, said Morabee: the island we are on belongs to the King of the Genii; there are no more such in the world. Look round you, Prince; can there be a more delightful place? It is certainly a lovely representation of the charming place God has appointed for the faithful observers of our law. Behold the fields, adorned with all sorts of flowers and odoriferous plants; admire these beautiful trees, whose delicious fruit makes the branches bend down to the ground; enjoy the pleasures of these harmonious songs formed in the air, by a thousand birds of as many various sorts, unknown in other countries. Zeyn could not sufficiently admire those with which he was surrounded, and still found something new as he advanced farther into the island.

At length they came to a palace made of fine emeralds, encompassed with a ditch, on the banks whereof, at certain distances, were planted such tall trees, that they shaded the whole palace. Before the gate, which was of massy gold, was a bridge, made of one single shell of a fish, though it was at least six fathoms long, and three in breadth. At the head of the bridge stood a company of Genii, of a prodigious height, who guarded the entrance into the castle with great clubs of China steel.

Let us go no farther, said Morabee; these Genii will knock us down: and in order to prevent their coming to us, we must perform a magical ceremony. He then drew out of a purse he had under his garment four long slips of yellow taffety; one he put about his middle, and laid the other on his back, giving the other two to the Prince, who did the like. Then Morabee laid on the ground two large table cloths, on the edges whereof he scattered some precious stones, musk, and amber. Then he sat down on one of these cloths, and Zeyn on the other; and Morabee said to the Prince, I shall now, sir, conjure the King of the Genii, who lives in the palace that is before us: may he come in a peaceable mood to us! I confess I am not without apprehension about the reception he may give us. If our coming into the island is displeasing to him, he will appear in the shape of a dreadful monster; but if he approve of your design, he will show himself in the shape of a handsome man. As soon as he appears before us, you must rise and salute him, without going off your cloth; for you would certainly perish, should you stir off it. You must say to him, Sovereign Lord of the Genii, my father, who was your servant has been taken away by the angel of death; I wish your Majesty may protect me as you always did my father. If the King of the Genii, added Morabee, ask you what favour you desire of him, you must answer, Sir, I most humbly beg of you to give me the ninth statue.

Morabee having thus instructed Zeyn, began his conjurations. Immediately their eyes were dazzled with a long flash of lightning, which was followed by a clap of thunder. The whole island was covered with a thick darkness; a furious storm of wind blew, a dreadful cry was heard, the island felt a shock, and there was such an earthquake as that which Asrayel is to cause on the day of judgment.

Zeyn was startled, and began to look upon that noise as a very ill omen; when Morabee, who knew better than he what to think of it, began to smile, and said, take courage, my Prince, all goes well. In short, that very moment the King of the Genii appeared in the shape of a handsome man, yet there was something of a sternness in his air.

The King promises to comply with the Prince's request, but upon one condition—that he shall bring him a damsel of fifteen, a virgin, beautiful and per-



fectly chaste, and that her conductor shall behave himself on the road with perfect propriety towards her, both in deed and thought. "Zeyn," says the story, "took the rash oath that was required of him;" but naturally asks how he is to be sure of the lady? The Genius gives him a looking-glass, on which she is to breathe, and which will be sullied or unsullied accordingly. The consequences among the ladies are such as Western romancers have told in a similar way; but at length success crowns the Prince's endeavours, and he conducts the Genius's damsel to the enchanted island, not without falling in love, and being tempted to break his word and carry her away to Balsora. The King is pleased with his self-denial, and tells him that on his return home he will find the statue. He goes, and on the pedestal where it was to have stood, finds the lady!

The behaviour of the lady is in very good taste, and completes the charm of the discovery.

Prince, said the young maid, you are surprised to see me here: you expected to have found something more precious than me, and I question not but that you now repent having taken so much trouble: you expected a better reward. Madam, answered Zeyn, heaven is my witness that I more than once was like to have broken my word with the King of the Genii, to keep you to myself. Whatsoever be the value of a diamond statue, is it worthy the satisfaction of enjoying you? I love you above all the diamonds and wealth in the world.

All this to us is extremely delightful. We can say with the greatest truth, that at the age of fifty we repeat these passages with a pleasure little short of what we experienced at fifteen. We even doubt whether it is less. We come round to the same delight by another road. The Genius is as grand to us, if not so frightful as of old; the boatman as peculiar; and the lady as charming. Such ladies may really be found on pedestals, for aught we know, in another life (one life out of a million). In short, we refuse to be a bit older than we were, having, in fact, lived such a little while, and the youth of eternity being before us.

So now, in youth and good faith, to come to our last and best Genius, the Peri! We call her so from custom, but Peri is the proper word; and in the story above-mentioned, it is so spelt. We shall here observe, that the French have often misled us by their mode of spelling Eastern words. The translation of the Arabian Nights (which came to us through the French) has palmed upon our childhood the *Genie*, or French word, for the Genius of the Latins, instead of the proper word *Jinn*. The French pronunciation of *Peri* is *Pari*; and in Richardson's Dictionary the latter is the spelling. It would have looked affected, some years ago, to write *Pari* for *Peri*; though, in the story just alluded to, an exception is made in favour of it: but in these times, when the growth of general learning has rendered such knowledge common, and when Boccaccio has got rid among us of his old French misnomer of *Boccace* (which a friend of ours very properly called *Book-case*), we might as well write *Pari* and *Jinn*, instead of *Peri* and *Genie*, loth, as we confess we are, to give up the latter barbarism—the belief of our childhood. But, somehow, we love any truth when we can get it, fond as we are of fiction.

*Pari* then, in future, we will venture to write it, and *Jinn* shall be said instead of *Genie* or even *Genius*; with which it is said to have nothing to do. This may be true; and yet it is curious to see the coincidence between the words, and for our part we art not sure, if the etymology could be well traced, that something in common might not be found between the words, as well as the things. There might have been no collusion between the countries, and yet a similarity of sound might have risen out of the same ideas. This circumstance in the philosophy of the human history is, we think, not sufficiently attended to on many occasions. Fictions, for example, of all sorts have been traced to this and that country, as if what gave rise to them with one people might not have produced them out of the same chances and faculties with another; obvious mixtures and modifications may be allowed, and yet every national mind throw up its own fancies, as well as the soil its own flowers. The Persians may have a par-

ticular sort of fancy as they have of lilac or roses; but Fairies, or Spirits in general, are of necessity as common to all nations as the grass or the earth, or the shadows among the trees.

Thus out of similar grounds of feeling may issue the roots of the same words. It is curious that *Jinn*, *Jinnian*, and *Geni-us*, should so resemble one another; for *us* is only the nominative termination of the Latin word, and has nothing to do with the root of it. The Eastern word *Pari*, and our *Fairy*, are still more nearly allied, especially by the Arabic pronunciation, which changes *P* into *F*. It has been justly argued, that *Fairy* is but a modern word, and meant formerly the region in which the *Fay* lived, and not the inhabitant. This is true; but the root may still be the same, and the Italian word *Fata*, from which it has been reasonably derived, says nothing to the contrary, but the reverse; for *ta* or *tum* is but a variety of inflection. *Fata* is the Latin *Fatum*, or *Fate*, whence come the words *Fatua*, *Fawna*, and *Fanum*; words implying something spoken or said,—

Aery tongues that syllable men's names.

*Fari* is the Latin *to speak*. All these words come from the Greek *Phaton*, *Phatis*, *Phao*, to say, which signifies also to express, to bring to light, and to appear; and *Phaos* signifies light. Here is the union of speech and appearance, and thus from the single root *Pha* or *Fay* may have originated the words *Peri* or *Pari*, the English *Fairy*, the old English *Fay*, which is the *Fée* of our neighbours, the Latin *Fatum* or *Fate*, even the *Parca* (another Latin word for the *Fates*), the Greek *Phatis*, the old Persian *Ferooer* (a soul, a blessed spirit, which is the etymology of the author of the 'Fairy Mythology'), and the word *Fable* itself, together with *Fancy*, *Fair*, *Famous*, and what not. We do not wish to lay more stress on this matter than it is worth. There is no end to probabilities, and anything may be deduced from anything else. Horne Tooke derived *King Pepin* from the Greek pronoun *Osper*, and *King Jeremiah* from pickled cucumber,\*—a sort of sport which we recommend as an addition to the stock at Christmas. But the extremes of probability have their use as well as abuse. The spirit of words, truly studied, involves a deep philosophy and important consequences; and anything is good which tends to make out a common case for mankind.

*Pari* is the female *Genius*, beautiful and beneficent. D'Herbelot says there are male *Paries*, and he gives the names of two of them, *Dal Peri* and *Milan Schah Peri*, who were brothers of *Merjan Peri*, supposed to be the same as the Western *Fairy*, *Morgana*. The truth seems to be, that originally the *Paries* were of no sex: the poets first distinguished them into male and female; and their exceeding beauty at last confined them to the female kind. We doubt, after all that we see in the writings of Sir William Ouseley and others, whether any poet, Western or Eastern, would now talk of a male *Pari*. At any rate, it would appear as absurd to us of the West, as if any body were to discover that the three *Graces* were not all female. The *Pari* is the female *Fairy*, the lady of the solitudes, the fair enchantress who enamours all who behold her, and is mightily inclined to be enamoured herself, but also to be constant as well as kind. She is the being "that youthful poets dream of when they love." She includes the magic of the enchantress, the supernaturalness of the fairy, the beauty of the angel, and the loveability of the woman; in short, is the perfection of female sweetness.†

*Pari* has been derived from a word meaning winged, and from another signifying beauty. But enough has been said on this point. We are not aware of any story in which *Paries* are represented with wings: but they have the power of flight. In

\* As thus, "Osper, eper, oper,—diaper, napkin, pipkin, pippin-king, King Pepin." And going the reverse way, "King Jeremiah, Jeremiah King, jerkin, girklin, pickled cucumber." *Fohi* and *Noah*, says Goldsmith, are evidently the same; for change *Fo* into *No*, and *Hi* into *Ah*, and there you have it.

† Where we say *angel-faced*, the Persians say *Pari-faced*. *Pari-pekter*, *Pari-cheher*, *Pari-rokhsar* *Pari-roy*, are all terms to that effect. The *Parysatis* of the Greeks is justly supposed to be the *Pari-zade*, or *Pari-born*, of the Persians.

an Eastern poem mentioned by D'Herbelot, the evil *Jinns* in their war with the good take some *Paries* captive, and hang them up in cages, in the highest trees they can find. Here they are from time to time visited by their companions, who bring them precious odours, which serve a double purpose; for the *Paries* not only feed upon odours, but are preserved by them from the approach of the *Deeys*, to whom a sweet scent is intolerable. Perfume gives an evil spirit a melancholy more than he is in the habit of enduring; he suffers, because there is a taste of heaven in it. It is beautiful to fancy the *Paries* among the tops of the trees, bearing their imprisonment with a sweet patience, and watching for their companions. Now and then comes a flight of these human doves, gleaming out of the foliage; or some good *Genius* of the other sex dares a peril in behalf of his *Pari* love; and turns her patience into joy.

*Paries* feeds upon odours; but if we are to judge from our sweet acquaintance, *Pari* Banou, they are not incapable of sitting down to dinner with an earthly lover. The gods lived upon odours, but they had wine in heaven, nectar and ambrosia, and furthermore could eat beef and pudding, when they looked in upon their friends on earth,—see the story of *Baucis* and *Philemon*, of *Lycæon*, *Tantalus*, &c. It is true, *Prince Ahmed* was helped by his fair hostess to delicious meats, which he had never before heard of, odours perhaps taking the shape of venison or pilau; but he found the same excellence in the wines, and the *Fairy* partook both of those and the dessert, which consisted of the choicest sweetmeats and fruits. The reader will allow us to read over with him the part of the story thereabouts. Such quarters of an hour are not to be had always, especially in good company; and we presume all the readers of this Journal are well met, and of good faith. If any one of a different sort trespasses on our premises, and does not see the beauties we deal with, all we can say is, that he is in the usual condition of those profane persons who are punished when they venture into *Fairy-land*, by that very inability of sight, which he, poor fellow, would fain consider a mark of his discernment.—So now to our dinner with a *Fairy*.

The reader will recollect, that *Prince Ahmed* shot an arrow a great way among some rocks, and, upon finding it, was astonished to see how far it had gone. The arrow was also lying flat, which looked as if it had rebounded from one of the rocks. This increased his surprise, and made him think there was some mystery in the circumstance. On looking about, he discovered an iron door. He pushed it open, and went down a passage in the earth. On a sudden, "a different light succeeded to that which he came out of," he entered a square, and perceived a magnificent palace, out of which a lady of exceeding beauty made her appearance at the door, attended by a troop of others.

As soon as *Prince Ahmed* perceived the lady, he hastened to pay his respects; and the lady on her part, seeing him coming, prevented him. Addressing her discourse to him first, and raising her voice, she said to him, Come near, *Prince Ahmed*; you are welcome.

—It was no small surprise to the *Prince* to hear himself named in a palace he never heard of, though so nigh his father's capital; and he could not comprehend how he should be known to a lady who was a stranger to him.

By the way, who knows what our geologists may come to, provided they dig far enough, and are worthy? Strange things are surmised of the interior of the earth; and *Burnet* now-a-days would have rubbed his hands to think what phenomenon may turn up.\*

After the proper interchanging of amenities on either side, the *Prince* is led into a hall, over which is a dome of gold and onyx. He is seated on a sofa; the lady seats herself by him, and addresses

\* The author of the 'Sacred Theory of the Earth,'—a book as good as a romance, and containing passages of great beauty. We speak of the Latin original. *Burnet* somewhere has expressed a desire to know more about *Satan*,—what he is doing at present, and how he lives. There is a subterranean *Fairy-land*, to which *King Arthur* is supposed to have been withdrawn, and whence he is expected to come again and re-establish his throne. *Milton* has a fine allusion to this circumstance in his Latin poem 'Masius,' v. 81. A poetical traveller in Wales might look at the mouth of a cavern, and expect to see the great *King* with his chivalry coming up, blowing the trumpet into the day-light.

him in the following words: You are surprised, you say, that I should know you and not be known by you; but you will be no longer surprised when I inform you who I am. You cannot be ignorant that your religion teaches you to believe that the world is inhabited by Genii as well as men; I am the daughter of one of the most powerful and distinguished of these Genii, and my name is Pari Banou; therefore you ought not to wonder that I know you, the sultan your father, and the Princess Nourounihar. I am no stranger to your loves or your travels, of which I could tell you all the circumstances, since it was I myself who exposed to sale the artificial apple which you bought at Samarcande, the carpet which Prince Houssain met with at Bisnagar, and the tube which Prince Ali brought from Schiraz. This is sufficient to let you know that I am not unacquainted with anything that relates to you. The only thing I have to add is, that you seemed to me worthy of a more happy fate than that of possessing the Princess Nourounihar; and, that you might attain to it, I was present when you drew your arrow, and foresaw it would not go beyond Prince Houssain's. I took it in the air, and gave it the necessary motion, to strike against the rocks near which you found it. It is in your power to avail yourself of the favourable opportunity which it presents to make you happy. As the Fairy, Pari Banou, pronounced these last words with a different tone, and looked at the same time tenderly on Prince Ahmed, with downcast eyes and a modest blush on her cheeks, it was not difficult for the Prince to comprehend what happiness she meant. He presently considered that the Princess Nourounihar could never be his, and that the Fairy, Pari Banou, excelled her infinitely in beauty, attractions, agreeableness, transcendent wit, and, as far as he could conjecture by the magnificence of the palace where she resided, in immense riches. He blessed the moment that he thought of seeking after his arrow a second time, and yielding to his inclination, which drew him towards the new object which had fired his heart, Madam, replied he, should I, all my life, have had the happiness of being your slave, and the admirer of the many charms which ravish my soul, I should think myself the happiest of men. Pardon me the boldness which inspires me to ask you this favour, and do not refuse to admit into your court a Prince who is entirely devoted to you.

Prince, answered the Fairy, as I have been a long time my own mistress, and have no dependence on my parents' consent, it is not as a slave I would admit you into my court, but as master of my person, and all that belongs to me, by pledging your faith to me, and taking me to be your wife. I hope you will not take it amiss that I anticipate you in making this proposal. I am as I said, mistress of my will; and must add, that the same customs are not observed among Fairies as among other ladies, in whom it would not have been decent to have made such advances: but it is what we do; we suppose we confer obligation by it.

Prince Ahmed made no answer to this discourse, but was so penetrated with gratitude, that he thought he could not express it better than by coming to kiss the hem of her garment, which she would not give him time to do, but presented her hand, which he kissed a thousand times, and kept fast locked in his. Well, Prince Ahmed, said she, will you not pledge your faith to me, as I do mine to you?—Yes, madam, replied the Prince, in an ecstasy of joy, what can I do better, and with greater pleasure? Yes, my sultanness, my queen, I will give it you with my heart, without the least reserve.—Then, answered the Fairy, you are my husband, and I am your wife. Our marriages are contracted with no other ceremonies, and yet are more firm and indissoluble than those among men, with all their formalities. But as I suppose, pursued she, that you have eaten nothing to-day, a slight repast shall be served up for you while preparations are making for our nuptial-feast this evening, and then I will show you the apartments of my palace, and you shall judge if this hall is the smallest part of it.

Some of the Fairy's women who came into the hall with them, and guessed her intention, went immediately out, and returned presently with some excellent meats and wines.

When the Prince had eaten and drank as much as he cared for, the Fairy, Pari Banou, carried him through all the apartments, where he saw diamonds, rubies, emeralds, and all sorts of fine jewels, intermixed with pearls, agate, jasper, porphyry, and all kinds of the most precious marbles; not to mention the richness of the furniture, which was inestimable; the whole disposed with such profusion, that the Prince, instead of ever having seen anything like it, acknowledged that there could not be anything in the world that could come up to it. Prince, said the Fairy, if you admire my palace so much, which is indeed very beautiful, what would you say to the palaces of the chief of our Genii, which are much more beautiful, spacious, and magnificent? I could also charm you with my garden; but we will leave that till another time. Night draws near, and it will be time to go to supper.

The next hall which the Fairy led the Prince into, and where the cloth was laid for the feast, was the only apartment the Prince had not seen, and it was not in the least inferior to the others. At his entrance into it he admired the infinite number of wax candles, perfumed with amber, the multitude of which, instead of being confused, were placed with so just a symmetry, as formed an agreeable and pleasant sight. A large beaufet was set out with all sorts of gold plate, so finely wrought, that the workmanship was much more valuable than the weight of the gold. Several choruses of beautiful women richly dressed, and whose voices were ravishing, began a concert, accompanied with all kinds of the most harmonious instruments he had ever heard. When they were set down to table, the Fairy, Pari Banou, took care to help Prince Ahmed to the most delicious meats, which she named as she invited him to eat of them, and which the Prince had never heard of, but found so exquisite and nice, that he commended them in the highest terms, crying, that the entertainment which she gave him far surpassed those among men. He found also the same excellence in the wines, which neither he nor the Fairy tasted till the desert was served up, which consisted of the choicest sweetmeats and fruits.

After the desert, the Fairy, Pari Banou, and Prince Ahmed, rose from the table, which was immediately carried away, and sat on a sofa, at their ease, with cushions of fine silk, curiously embroidered with all sorts of large flowers, laid at their backs. Presently after, a great number of Genii and Fairies danced before them to the door of the chamber where the nuptial bed was made, and when they came there, they divided themselves into two rows, to let them pass, and after that retired, leaving them to go to bed.

The nuptial feast was continued the next day; or rather the days following the celebration were a continual feast, which the Fairy, Pari Banou, who could do it with the utmost ease, knew how to diversify, by new dishes, new meats, new concerts, new dances, new shows, and new diversions; which were all so extraordinary, that Prince Ahmed, if he had lived a thousand years among men, could not have imagined.

The Fairy's intention was not only to give the Prince essential proofs of the sincerity of her love, and the violence of her passion, by so many ways; but to let him see, that as he had no pretensions at his father's court, he could meet with nothing comparable to the happiness he enjoyed with her, independent of her beauty and her charms, and to attach him entirely to herself, that he might never leave her. In this scheme she succeeded so well, that Prince Ahmed's passion was not in the least diminished by possession; but increased so much, that, if he had been so inclined, it was not in his power to forbear loving her.

This is a pretty satisfaction to the imagination. And good only can come of it. They are under a great mistake who think that romances and pictures of perfection do harm. They may produce mounting impatience and partial neglect of duties here and there; but in the sum total they give a distaste to the sordid, elevate our anger above trifles, incline us to assist intellectual advancement of all sorts, and keep a region of solitude and sweetness for us in which the mind may retreat and recreate itself, so as to return with hope and gracefulness to its labours. Imagination is the breathing room of the heart. The whole world of possibility is thrown open to it, and the air mixes with that of heaven. Ulysses did not the less yearn to go back to the wife of his bosom, because a goddess had lain there. Affectionate habit is a luxury long drawn out; and constancy, made sweet by desert, is a sort of essence of immortality distilled.

To conclude the remarks on our story;—Prince Ahmed, to be sure, had every reason to be faithful; but we feel it was because a sweet, sincere, and intelligent woman loved him, rather than a wonder-working Fairy. She is a Cleopatra in what is pleasing, but she is also as unlike her as possible in what is the reverse; being very different, as she says, from her brother Schaibar, who was resentful and violent. Such is the Fairy of the East, the sweetest of all Fairies, and fit kinswoman by humanity to the only creature we like better, which is the Flying Woman of our friend Peter Wilkins. With the former we could live for ever, if disengaged and immortal; but with the latter, somehow, like Ulysses, we would rather die.

There remains one more supernatural being, the Arabian Fairy, who lives in a well; for so she has been distinguished from her more elegant sister of the palace. The Arabs, leading a hard and unsettled

life, seem not to have had time, even in imagination, for the more luxurious pictures of Persia. They had all the imagination of home feeling, were devoted patriots and intense lovers, and have poured forth some of the most heart-felt poetry in the world. A volume of poems might be collected out of the romance of Antar, unsurpassed as effusions of passion. But the total absence of airy and preternatural fiction in their works is remarkable. When the two nations became united, and the successors of Mahomet shifted their throne from their old barren sands to the luxurious halls of Bagdad, the mythologies of their poets gradually became confounded; and it is difficult to pronounce, after all, how far the supposed Arabian Fairy differs with the Pari, her sister; how many wonders she might have drawn out of her well, or how far the Pari could not inhabit a hole in the well on occasion, as the Fairies of Italy do in the old stones of Fiesole. She was, no doubt, distinct originally, a coarser breed, like the gnome of the desert compared with the ladies of the court of Darius; but the distinction seems hardly to have survived. If Maimoune lives in a well, we have seen that Denhasch pronounced her charming; and though we might regard this as the flattery of a devil, the Fairy herself gives us to understand that she was a good spirit, one of those who submitted to Solomon; therefore charming by implication, and at all events mixed up with the spirits of Persia. The Jinns, male and female, are all capital architects, who can make a palace in a twinkling for others. We can hardly doubt they can do as much for themselves; and that Maimoune, if she had wished to please a lover, could have raised as splendid a house of reception for him as Banou.

The spiritual beings of the East then may, perhaps, safely be classed as follows, according to the most received ideas:—

The Deev, or Evil Genius.

The Jinn, or Good Genius, if not otherwise qualified.

The Pari, or Good Female Genius, always beneficent and beautiful.

Individuals of all these classes are permitted to roam about the world, and reside in particular places; but their chief residence, or Fairy-land, is understood to be in Jinnistan, or the place of the Genii, which is situated on the Greek mountain of Kaf, and divided into what may be called Good Land and Bad Land, or the domains of the good, and the domains of the rebellious Genii. In the former is the province of the good Genii, the land of *Shadukam*, or pleasure and desire;—and the Cities Juharbad, or the City of Jewels;—and Amberabad, the City of Ambergris. In the latter stands Ahernanhabad, the City of Ahernan, or the Evil Principle, over which reigns the bad King Arzhenk, a personage with a half-human body and the head of a bull. He is a connoisseur, and has a gallery of pictures containing portraits of all the different sorts of creatures before Adam.

All Genii, bad and good, being subjected in some sort to the human race, whom they all in the first instance agreed not to worship, are compellable by the invocations of magic, and forced to appear in the service of particular rings and talismans. In this they resemble the Genii of the Alexandrian Platonists and the Cabala. Sometimes a man possesses a ring without knowing its value, and happening to give it a rub, is shocked by the apparition of a giant, who in a tone of thunder tells him he is his humble servant, and wants to know his pleasure. Invocations must be practiced after their particular form and letter, or the Genius becomes riotous instead of obedient, and is perhaps the death of you; and at least gives you a cuff of the ear, enough to fell a dromedary. They transport people whithersoever they please; make nothing of building a house, full of pictures and furniture, in the course of a night; and will put a sultan in their pockets for you, if you desire it. But if not your servants, they are dangerous acquaintances, and it is difficult to be on one's guard against them. You must take care, for instance, how you throw the shells about when you are eating nuts.



otherwise an unfortunate husk to put out the eye of one of their invisible children, and for this you will suffer death unless you can repeat poems or fine stories. Numbers of Genii have remained imprisoned in brazen vessels ever since the time of Solomon, and it is not always safe to deliver them. It is a moot point whether they will make a king of you for it, or kick you into the sea. The Genius whom the fisherman sets free in the 'Arabian Nights,' gives an account of his feelings on this matter, highly characteristic of the nature of these Fairy personages:—

During the first hundred years' imprisonment, says he, I swore, that if any one should deliver me before the hundred years expired, I would make him rich, even after his death, but the century ran out, and nobody did me that good office. During the second, I made an oath that I would open all the treasures of the earth to any one that should set me at liberty, but with no better success. In the third, I promised to make my deliverer a potent monarch, to grant him every day three requests, of whatever nature they might be; but this century ran out as the two former, and I continued in prison; at last, being angry, or rather mad, to find myself a prisoner so long, I swore that, if afterwards any one should deliver me, I would kill him without mercy, and grant him no other favour but to choose what kind of death he would have; and, therefore, since you have delivered me to day, I give you that choice.

The mode in which the Genii emerge from these brazen vessels is very striking. The spirit into which they have been condensed expands as it issues forth, and makes an enormous smoke, which again compresses into a body, black and gigantic; and the Genius is before you. He is in general a smoke of a weaker turn than our friend just alluded to. If we are to believe the story of the Brasen City in the 'New Arabian Nights,' whole beds of vessels, containing genuine condensed spirits of Jinn, were to be found in a certain bay on the coast of Africa. Deeps were as plenty as oysters. A sultan had a few brought him, and opening one after the other, the giant vapour issued forth, crying out "Pardon, pardon, great Solomon; I will never rebel more."

Kaf is Caucasus, the "great stony girdle." The Persians supposed it, and do so still, to run round the earth, enclosing it like a ring. The earth itself stands on a great sapphire, the reflection of which causes the blue of the sky; and when the sapphire moves there is an earthquake, or some other convulsion of nature. On this mountain the Jinns reign and revel after their respective fashions; and there is eternal war between the good and the bad. Formerly the good Genii, when hard pressed, used to apply to an earthly hero to assist them. The exploits of Rustam, before mentioned, and of the ancient Tahmuras, surnamed *Deev-Bend* or the *Deev-Binder*, form the most popular subjects of Persian heroic poetry.

Kaf will gradually be undone, and the place of sapphire be not found; but the blue of the sky will remain; and till the Persian can expound the mystery of the cheek he loves, and know the first cause of the roses which make a bower for it, he will still, if he is wise, retain his Pari and his enchanted palace, and encourage his mistress to resemble the kind faces that may be looking at her.

**Beautiful Truth.**—The bard in whose soul, from that soul's infirmity, the genius of poetry is not strong or lofty enough to sustain him in the sphere of perpetual peace and brightness, may perish by the insolence of pride, and the poison of calumny, and the blows of unscrupulous hostility, and the lashings of interest, and the neglect of indifference, and the collision of his own susceptibility with the coldness of cold natures, and with the hardness of hard natures; but, even in perishing, he will see more and better things in the powers that destroy him, than they themselves are conscious of; and in the waters that engulf his dying limbs will feel the embraces of the beautiful and immortal Ondines.—*Monthly Repository.*

**Real Triumph in Argument.**—But let the Deontological law be present to his mind, and the triumph he will desire will be only the triumph of the greatest happiness principle. Contending for that, and for that alone, the victory of any sentiments more friendly to the principle than his own sentiments, will be, in fact, his victory.—*Bentham.* [The same may be said of all arguments for truth's sake, by real lovers of truth.]

## THE WEEK.

From Wednesday the 22nd to Tuesday the 28th, October. We give, this week (by way of variety, and in order to furnish the reader with as many specimens as possible of the treatment of such subjects), a brief account of the season, from the 'Calendar of Nature,' or 'The Months,'—a little book, the subject of which was suggested to the Editor, some years ago, by Dr Aikin's 'Calendar of the Year,' and which has since been enlarged upon, and adorned, by various writers, with greater rural knowledge, and a right exuberance of fancy.

## OCTOBER.

Then came October, full of merrie glee,  
For yet his knowle was totty of the must  
Which he was treading in the wine-fat's sea,  
And of the joyous oyle, whose gentle gust  
Made him so frolic and so full of lust.  
Upon a dreadful scorpion he did ride,  
The same which, by Diana's doom unjust,  
Slew great Orion; and eke by his side  
He had his ploughing-share and coulter ready tyde.

## Spenser's Faerie Queene.

Spenser, in marching his months before Great Nature ('Faerie Queene,' book vii.) drew his descriptions of them from the world and its customs in general; but turn his October wine-vats into cyder-presses and brewing-tubs, and it will do as well. This month, on account of its steady temperature, is chosen for the brewing of such malt liquor as is designed for keeping. The farmer continues to sow his corn, and the gardener plants forest and fruit-trees. Many of our readers, though fond of gardens, will learn, for the first time, perhaps, that trees are cheaper things than flowers; and that, at the expense of not many shillings, they may plant a little shrubbery, or make a rural screen for their parlour or study windows, of woodbine, guelder-roses, bays, arbutus, ivy, virgin's bower, or even the poplar, horse-chestnut, birch, sycamore, and plane-tree, of which the Greeks were so fond. A few roses, also, planted in the earth, to flower about his walls or windows in monthly succession, are nothing, in point of dearness, to roses or other flowers purchased in pots. Some of the latter are, nevertheless, cheap and long-lived, and may be returned to the nursery-man, at a small expense, to keep till they flower again. But if the lover of nature has to choose between flowers, and flowering shrubs and trees, the latter, in our opinion, are much preferable, in as much as, while they include the former, they can give a more retired and verdant feeling to a place, and call to mind, even in their very nestling and closeness, something of the whispering and quiet amplitude of nature.

Fruits continue in abundance during this month, as everybody knows from the shopkeeper; for our grosser senses are well informed if our others are not. We have yet to discover that imaginative pleasures are as real and as touching as they, and give them their deepest relish. The additional flowers in October are almost confined to the anemone and scabious; and the flowering trees and shrubs to the evergreen cytisus.

But the hedges (and here let us observe that the fields and other walks, that are free to every one, are sure to supply us with pleasure when every other place fails) are now sparkling with their abundant berries,—the wild-rose with the hip, the hawthorn with the haw, the blackthorn with the sloe, the bramble with the blackberry; and the briony, privet, honeysuckle, elder, holly, and woody night-shade, with the other winter feasts for the birds. The wine obtained from the elderberry makes a very pleasant and wholesome drink, when heated over a fire; but the humbler sloe, which the peasants eat, gets the start of him in reputation, by changing its name to port, of which wine it certainly makes a very considerable ingredient.

A gentleman, who lately figured in the *beau monde*, and carried coxcomby to a pitch of the ingenious, was not aware how much truth he was uttering in his pleasant and disavowing definition of port:—"A strong intoxicating liquor, much drank by the lower orders."

Swallows are generally seen for the last time this month; the house-martin the latest. The red-wing, field-fare, snipe, royston crow, and wood pigeon, return from more northern parts. The rooks return to their roost trees, and the tortoise begins to bury himself for the winter. The mornings and afternoons increase in mistiness, though the middle of the day is often very fine; and no weather, when it is unclouded, is apt to give a clearer and manlier sensation than that of October. One of the most curious natural appearances is the *gossamer*, which is an infinite multitude of little threads shot out by minute spiders, who are thus wafted by the wind from place to place.

The chief business of October, in the great economy of nature, is dissemination, which is performed, among other means, by the high winds, which now return. Art imitates her as usual, and sows and plants also.

We have already mentioned the gardener. This is the time for the domestic cultivator of flowers to finish planting as well, especially the bulbs that are intended to flower early in spring.

And as the chief business of nature this month is dissemination, or vegetable birth, so its chief beauty arises from vegetable death itself. We need not tell our readers we allude to the changing leaves, with all their lights and shades of green, amber, red, light red, light and dark green, white, brown, russet, and yellow of all sorts.

As our ruralities are somewhat barren this week, we piece them out with the following poem, by Mr Keats. It is not one of his finest; but everything which he wrote was fine, and was sure to include some beautiful poetry. The closing stanza is full of the purest description. What a delicious line, in particular, is the third—

"While barred clouds bloom the soft-dying day!"

## TO AUTUMN.

Season of mists and mellow fruitfulness,  
Close bosom friend of the maturing sun,  
Conspiring with him how to load and bless  
With fruit the vines that round the thatch-eaves  
run;  
To bend with apples the moss'd cottage trees,  
And fill all fruit with ripeness to the core;  
To swell the gourd, and plump the hazel shells  
With a sweet kernel: to set budding more,  
And still more, later flowers for the bees,  
Until they think warm days will never cease,  
For summer has o'er-brimmed their clammy cells.

Who hath not seen thee oft beneath thy store?  
Sometimes whoever seeks abroad may find  
Thee sitting careless on a granary floor,  
Thy hair soft-lifted by the winnowing wind,  
As on a half-reap'd furrow sound asleep,  
Drowsed with the fume of poppies, while thy  
hook  
Spares the next swath and all its twined flowers;  
And sometimes like a gleaner thou dost keep  
Steady thy laden head across a brook;  
Or by a cyder-press with patient look,  
Thou watchest the last oozings, hours by hours.

Where are the songs of Spring? Ay, where are they?

Think not of them, thou hast thy music too,—  
While barred clouds bloom the soft-dying day,  
And touch the stubble-plains with rosy hue;  
Then in a wailful choir the small gnats mourn  
Among the river shallows, borne aloft,  
Or smiling as the light wind lives or dies;  
And full grown lambs bleat loud from hilly bourns.  
Hedge crickets sing: and now, with treble soft,  
The red-breast whistles from a garden croft,  
And gathering swallows twitter in the skies.

**Happy Inscription.**—A marble tablet, placed over the fountain of this noble reservoir, contains a short inscription more expressive and beautiful in the Persian language than can be given in an English translation:—"The bounties of Lullaby are ever flowing."  
—*The Hindoos.*

**Hannah More.**—The following reflexions on the death of Lord Orford are characteristic of the writer. Thus writes Hannah More to her sister Martha, from London, 1787:—"Poor Lord Orford! I could not help mourning for him as if I had not expected it. But twenty years unclouded kindness and pleasant correspondence cannot be given up without emotion. I am not sorry that I never flinched from any of his ridicule or attacks, or suffered them to pass without rebuke. At our last meeting, I made him promise to buy 'Law's Serious Call.' His playful wit, his various knowledge, his polished manner, alas! what avail they now. The most serious thoughts are awakened. Oh! that he had known and believed the things that belonged to his peace. My heart is much oppressed with the reflection."—It is strange that people of Hannah More's turn of mind should always entertain such serious thoughts of their acquaintance in the article of death. Amiable they may be; but because they take not up with a certain form of speech and demeanor, their after-state is always presumed in the most unfavourable manner. There is in this a temper and feeling which religious people should avoid. Take our word for it, it is an infirmity, and was in Hannah More.  
—*Fraser's Magazine.*

## ROMANCE OF REAL LIFE.

KIS—AWFUL OBEDIENCE; OR THE CUP OF POISON  
TAKEN FOUR TIMES.

The account of this affecting tragedy, which appears to have occurred no long time since, is taken from one of the comprehensive and entertaining summaries just published by the "Society for the Diffusion of Useful Knowledge," entitled 'The Hindoos.' A daughter thus sacrificed, by an otherwise affectionate parent, a sort of Eastern Virginus, would make a striking drama; only the homely circumstance which constitutes one of the most affecting points in the anguish—the refusal of the stomach to second the poison,—would have to be modified. The doses given must be changed into small ones—too small to produce any effect, except perhaps an excited and eloquent wakefulness. When actual and dreadful suffering is before us, such homely manifestations of it become nothing. The pettier is absorbed in the greater idea. But human beings, unless given to sarcasm and degradation, do not like to have physical weaknesses deliberately presented to their imaginations; and even then they are apt to take refuge (such as it is!) from the humiliation, in attempting to make a jest of it. A thorough delicacy, or philosophy, in reducing everything to its elements, moral or material, becomes superior to such pollution. And yet there is danger even in that! So nice and perplexing are the balances of things in this world; and so surely must all partake the common burdens of liability, till all can be improved. But we hasten from these mysteries to our story.

Kishna Komari Bae, "the virgin princess Kishna," was in her sixteenth year; her mother was of the Chawura race, the ancient kings of Anbulwara. Sprung from the noblest blood of Hind, she added beauty of face and person to an engaging demeanour, and was justly proclaimed the flower of Rejast'han. The rapacious and blood-thirsty Pat'han, Nawab Ameer Khan, covered with infamy, repaired to Oodipoor, where he was joined by the pliant and subtle Ajit. He was meek in his demeanour, unostentatious in his habits; despising honours, yet covetous of power; religion, which he followed with the zeal of an ascetic, if it did not serve as a cloak, was at least no hindrance to an immeasurable ambition, in the attainment of which he would have sacrificed all but himself. When the Pat'han revealed his design, that either the princess should wed Raja Maun, or by her death seal the peace of Rajwarra, whatever arguments were used to point the alternative, the Rana was made to see no choice between consigning his beloved child to the Rahtore prince, or witnessing the effects of a more extended dishonour from the vengeance of the Pat'han, and the storm of his palace by his licentious adherents:—the fiat passed that Kishna Komari should die.

But the deed was left for a woman to accomplish—the hand of man refused it. The harem of an eastern prince is a world within itself; it is the labyrinth containing the strings that move the puppets which alarm mankind. Here intrigue sits enthroned, and hence its influence radiates to the world, always at a loss to trace effects to their causes. Maharaja Dowlat Sing, descended four generations ago from one common ancestor with the Rana, was first sounded to save the honour of Oodipoor; but, horror-struck, he exclaimed, "Accursed the tongue that commands it! Dust on my allegiance if thus to be preserved!" The Maharaja Jowandas, a natural brother, was then called upon; the dire necessity was explained, and it was urged that no common hand could be armed for the purpose. He accepted the poinard, but when in youthful loveliness Kishna appeared before him, the dagger fell from his hand, and he returned more wretched than the victim. The fatal purpose thus revealed, the shrieks of the frantic mother reverberated through the palace, as she implored mercy or executed the murderers of her child, who alone was resigned to her fate. But death was arrested, not averted. To use the phrase of the narrator, "she was excused the steel, the cup was prepared," and prepared by female hands! As the messenger presented it in the name of her father, she bowed and drank it, sending up a prayer for his life and prosperity. The raving mother poured imprecations on his head, while the lovely victim, who shed not a tear, thus endeavoured to console her. "Why afflict yourself, my mother, at this shortening of the sorrows of life; I fear not to die! Am I not your daughter? Why should I fear death? We are marked out for sacrifice from our birth; we scarcely enter the world but to be sent out again; let me thank my father that I have lived so long." Thus she conversed, till the nauseating draught refused to assimilate with her blood. Again the bitter potion was prepared, she drained it off; and again it was rejected; but, as if to try

the extreme of human fortitude, a third was administered, and for a third time nature refused to aid the horrible purpose. It seemed as if the fabled charm which guarded the life of the founder of her race, was inherited by the virgin Kishna. But the bloodhounds, the Pat'han and Ajit, were impatient till their victim was at rest; and cruelty, as if gathering strength from defeat, made another and a fatal attempt. A powerful opiate was presented, the *hasoomba* draught. She received it with a smile, wished the scene over, and drank it. The desires of barbarity were accomplished. "She slept!" a sleep from which she never awoke.

## DRUMWHINN BRIDGE

OVER THE RIVER ORR.—BUILT, 1832.

MEER autumn midnight glancing,  
The stars above hold sway,  
I bend, in muse advancing,  
To lonesome Orr my way.

Its rush in drowsy even  
Can make the waste less dead:  
Short pause beneath void Heaven,  
Then back again to bed!

Hoho! 'mong deserts moory,  
See here the craftsman's hand;  
Vain now, bleak Orr, thy fury,  
On whinstone arch I stand.

Dull Orr, thou moorland river  
By man's eye rarely seen,  
Thou gushest on for ever,  
And wert while earth has been.

There o'er thy crags and gravel,  
Thou sing'st an unknown song,  
In tongue no clerks unravel!  
Thou'st sung it long and long.

From Being's Source it bounded,  
The morn when time began;  
Since thro' this moor has sounded,  
Unheard or heard of man.

That day they crossed the Jordan,  
When Hebrew trumpets rang,  
Thy wave no foot was fording,  
Yet here in moor it sang.

And I, while thou'st meandered,  
Was not, have come to be,  
Apart so long have wandered,  
This moment meet with thee.

Old Orr, thou mystic water!  
No Ganges holier is;  
That was Creation's daughter;  
What was it fashioned *this*?

The whinstone Bridge is builded,  
Will hang a hundred year;  
When bridge to time has yielded,  
The brook will still be here.

Farewell, poor moorland river:  
We parted and we met;  
Thy journeyings are for ever,  
Mine art not ended yet.

November, 1832.

*A Zoological Mystery.*—On one of these expeditions Linnæus was, or imagined himself to have been, stung by a venomous worm, said to be not uncommon in some parts of Sweden. However this may be, he was seized with a violent disorder which threatened the extinction of life, more especially as he had removed far into the country, where medical assistance could not be readily procured. This accident, instead of diminishing his zeal, tended to increase his desire of becoming more acquainted with the lower orders of animals. In a work which he subsequently published, this singular worm, the existence of which, however, is still doubtful, is thus described by him:—"It occurs in the extensive turf marshes of Bothnia, in the northern parts of Sweden. Falling from the atmosphere, frequently upon the bodies of men and animals, it instantly penetrates them with the most intense pain, so as to produce death from agony within a quarter of an hour. I myself was smitten by it, at Lund, in 1728. I have not seen the animal unless in a dried state. It seems in its properties to be allied to the chaolic animal. By what means it rises into the air, whence it falls during the interval between the summer and winter solstice, no one has explained."—*Lives of Zoologists.*

## BALLS.

"LE BAL EBLOUISSANT! LE BAL DELICIEUX!"

For the London Journal.

It is but a few journals back that the Editor gave a paper on Dancing; but, as is not his wont, left something still to be said on the subject—or, rather, it should be said, on a collateral and most important point—that of balls, or *midnight dancing*. The Editor touched on the subject, as the *padrona* of a merry-making house sometimes yields the tips of her fingers, and gives into the dance for a few moments, and is then off and away again to look after more substantial amusement for her readers—I beg pardon—*guests*. This is a pardonable confusion of ideas: for do we not search the smiling face of the hostess for the cheer of the feast, and read tidings of the table in her eyes? And again—which of the readers of the Journal (alas! why not a *Journal de facto*) is not sometimes mentally a guest of the Editor, either in his library, or at his breakfast table? Did he not even indulgently introduce us to the assembly rooms of Mr Wilson?

It is a bold undertaking, it must be admitted, to attack a favourite amusement of the fair sex, but having had my attention rather painfully directed of late to the subject, I cannot refrain (in the trust of their utility) from offering a few hints on this same art—pastime—or sober-madness—of dancing: name it as you either use it or abuse it. But before I proceed, may I ask why have not medical men rendered any other interference unnecessary, by seriously setting their learned faces against such an unwise misapplication of two great blessings—the hour of rest, and the animal spirits—which are both untimely wasted in our modern *Dances*? Some have, I am aware, done so in books (and what is still more virtuous, in *expensive* books, too), but *all* should do so, *viva voce*, in the families they attend. It will be said, that the business of the physician is to cure, and a *cure* supposes an illness, and illnesses must have causes: alas! they manage these matters better in China. We have discovered the utility of a *preventive* police; why not borrow from the Celestial Empire the idea of a *preventive faculty*?

Not to incur the suspicion of Vandalism, I must acknowledge a great admiration for the dance, as brought to perfection by the artist—for there we are enjoying, as it were, a visible music—an embodied harmony. I must also "confess the soft impeachment," and own a love for dancing, when, like a laughing, rosy, yet ethereal, nymph, she surprises us with her presence in the winter's evening, as she is suddenly found at high jinks among the youngsters, leading them on to her tuneful, graceful sports. And, in fact, I must proclaim a respect for dancing in every shape, when confined to seasonable hours—to young limbs, (or young hearts)—and brows not furrowed—but for Balls! ah—"take any shape but that."

The ball-room is very tempting—very splendid—I admit: the interchange of gratulations, compliments, and civilities, all very agreeable; and, perhaps, if the enjoyment took place earlier in the evening, one might not complain; but what a time of night to begin to be happy—ten! Certainly this is one mode of killing time and one's self, too, at the same moment. Talk of the *march* of intellect! let me hear of the *dance* of intellect. People say the "schoolmaster is abroad"—but not after ten, ye revellers—not after ten! He knows not of your doings, or ye would have heard of it.

But before I come to my subject, let me clear away all the off-shoots. One more, then, ye lovers of dancing, and of me, its eloquent advocate!

Commiseration principally attaches itself to the female (the habits of men and boys bear them up against the ill effects of temporary confinement; but, with the poor girl, the heated ball-room is only the climax of the unnatural course of her ordinary mode of life); but is it not a shame to bring the poor boys into the ball-room to stand there, miserably out of their element, wondering when the fun will begin? I am sure this is a full retribution for all boyish peccadilloes. I never witness the piteous



right without thinking of the martyr of the innocents, and look on the lord of the feast as a refined and exquisite modern Herod, while, in fact, he is labouring to "make everybody happy."

It is all very well for those who are arrived at years of indiscretion, to dance away the hours of repose. No doubt they could give good and sufficient reasons why a night spent in restraint and in an heated atmosphere is a recompense for the head-ache, the restlessness, the lassitude, the fever, of the ensuing day. With me, imagination is not so indulgent as to transform the broad-cloth of an elderly gentleman's coat-tail into the rainbow wings of some gay creature of the element; but if the gentleman can fancy himself something *symplic*, well and good. But I beg pardon—the amusement of another should be held sacred from all carping, though one may be allowed a little license, considering that, while these things are persisted in, everybody condemns them as wearisome in their own hearts—I would say everybody who has outlived the creaming animal spirits of youth. Who has not noticed good folks *ejaculating* their limbs with all the gravity of an Indian pirouetting his last before the fire that is to consume him, or of a mathematician solving a problem, and *acting* the diagram at the same time? Who has not laughed at the desperate steps taken by the unfortunate *Cavalier Seul*, or, in English, *Cavalier Surly*? *Mais, revenons à nous moutons*: my business is with those without whose presence the dance would be at an end—I mean *young ladies*. Let the "tough seniors" enjoy this peculiar gratification to their hearts' content; but oh, let them not lead their children into the same error! The "tender juvenal" is but too content to snatch with delight at the joys of the passing hour—experience cannot have taught her to dread the *recoil*: the young girl will drink to the dregs the cup of pleasure presented to her lips; what shall we say to that *parental* hand which tempts those lips with a poison?

It would be a different case were there no "dancing hours" but those of midnight and the early morning. Rather than that ladies should not mix in society, large assemblies might be tolerated. But how many sensible people there are, who prove to their own satisfaction, and to the delight of those whom they gather together, that it is *very* possible to assemble *all* their loving and lovely friends around them, and yet exceed not a moderate number, proving, also, that there is time enough for enjoyment and merriment long before "the hour when churchyards yawn" for nightly revellers.

Need I repeat here the *delightful* truth, that woman nowhere shines to such effect as before her own hearth; and that, in proportion as the sphere is contracted in which her faculties are called upon to act, so will her powers of pleasing be enlarged?

There is a youth in the day, as there is a youth in man. They should dwell hand in hand together, interchanging gladness and beauty. Compare her, who, like Aurora's hand-maid, greets you at the cheerful breakfast-table, with rosy smiles and cheeks (*I vote them not vulgar*)—with flowery trophies of her morning's ramble in her hand—herself as fresh and gay, with the wearied fair you saw the preceding night, her eyes paling as the stars pale at day's approach, and her beauty blighted, as is that of the flowers brought, like her, into the withering atmosphere of riot. Compare the two, and account to me for the motives which can lead the latter lady to make such a sacrifice of health and beauty, and style it *pleasure*! I maintain that she has no motives at all satisfactory to her own mind; but that the *bad taste* of the matter must be laid, with other mighty charges, either at the door of fashion, or to the ostentation—to the false indulgence, or to the ambition of parents.

There are many who, proud of their daughters' superior strength in this particular, set danger at defiance. But while they admire, let them *respect* this excellency of constitution, and beware how they reduce its strength to a level with the weakness of the less fortunate. Woman has full need of all the powers with which nature has gifted her, if she would not

prove rather a curse than a blessing in the sphere to which she is called. Why, then, are these powers to be wasted in frivolity, or, rather say, in untimely amusements? If our daughters, I repeat, are blessed with health, as great as the fondest parent could desire, we may depend on it the time will come soon enough when that gift will be largely drawn upon by the cares and illnesses incident to their future stations. If they *must* keep the night alive, now, for the fun of the thing, they will have enough of the "watches of the night" in after times, and leisure to regret the strength of body they then wasted.

An English *party* always strikes me as an assembly got together by people who dread such meetings from some cause or other; and, accordingly, seek to rid themselves of the painful tax by one mighty and overpowering effort, going forth almost into the highways, and obliging all to come to see what a number of people they can gather together, and what an expense they can afford to put themselves to. The grand affair over—their *friends* are no more thought of, till another year gone tells that it is again time for them to be *hospitable*. And it is to patched up meetings like these that we are to send our daughters. No one will dispute that the physical effects of these parties are far from wholesome: I have always found that their moral effects were as little enticing to a judicious parent. When will people do in England as is done on the Continent, that is, throw open their doors, at an early hour, on a certain night in every week, or fortnight, to all their acquaintance with whom they are on terms of amity, and pass with them a cheerful, serious, or a joyous hour, just as suits the individual tastes, or time of life, of their guests, and let conversation, dancing, and play, go on, each in its snug corner, without the restraints of ostentation and finery?

One word on the most melancholy part of our subject—the immediate and often irremediable mischief which follows on "grand balls." In the severest part of our winter, at an hour, whose breath strikes to the bones even of the strongest—under a sky, rude and inclement, or distilling dews and fogs, poisonous as the *malaria* of the Pontine Marshes—the weak girl is led, flushed and joyous—and, in her joy, careless and unguarded—from the heated scene, into the raw air. There are some, who, smothered in cashmere, are hurried at a step into a close carriage, and thus escape at little risk; but in a circle where fortune is not so favourable, what danger is not incurred in waiting for the hired conveyance, and in its cold, rickety fabric, when arrived?

There are few readers whose recollection will not serve them with some unhappy instance, in which months of illness, succeeded too often by death itself, has followed upon this exposure.

For then comes the cough and the pale cheek, and life burning itself out fast in fever. The laughing eye becomes extinct and sunken, only to be lit again by the fearful blaze of consumption, as if death held his watch-tower there. The stream of life is polluted, weakened where it looks for strengthening. Peevishness and discontent seize on the once unruffled temper. Then have we hours of hope and months of despair, the self-accusations of the wretched parent, the flickering hopes of the victim, and the deserted hearth.

Ye natural guardians, whose breasts are not open to other emotions, think how *you* would suffer if wife or daughter were ordered to the *south*. Think on the travelling expences to Devon, Montpellier, Madeira! think and tremble!

I have refrained from touching on the moral effects of my subject, partly as I could not do them justice, and partly because too many severe truths must be told, and partly—if I may close this *lecture* with a joke—because there is no hard hitting allowed in this peaceful arena: we all fight here, as we dance—in gloves.

[We add a note merely to say that we agree in every syllable with our correspondent, and recommend his advice to earnest attention. We would not say that sensible and social people should *never* go to a midnight ball,—not once in their lives. Let

them do so once and away,—twice, if they please, or oftener, provided it be a very rare event in their lives, an epoch from which to date perseverance, rather than cold or cough. People must not be too *inexorably* and everlastingly superior to every doubtful degree of social habit, lest they grow proud and carking, or timid, or uncharitable, and miss the beauty even of their virtue. Yet even then every care should be taken by parents and friends to guard against the lamentable evils so well deprecated by our correspondent; and the merry indulgence should not be taken at all, if security cannot be had against melancholy results. But again we ask, why are not domestic dances oftener resorted to, without any fuss and preparation, and purely for the sense and good humour of the thing? We have a vast deal of sound thinking to arrive at, in this very thoughtful country of ours! We are always waiting, and scheming, and laying in prodigious stocks of means, to be happy. Why do we not enjoy ourselves more with our stock as we go? Why not see that *all* rooms are ball-rooms, and that every passing moment is as good and precious as every other, if we did but know how to make it so? We have not enough *extempore* happiness in this country. In waiting for large results, we lose those thousands of small ones that make up, after all, the largest results of general comfort.]

#### A DOUBT AND AN ANSWER.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE LONDON JOURNAL, ON THE SPIRIT OF HIS RECENT WRITINGS.

Oh, H—, thou first refiner  
Of the wordy strife,  
Making daily life  
And the human heart diviner!

Yes, think! a smile for ever  
On all things thrown,  
Defeats its own  
Benevolent endeavour.

Love is enhanced by sparing;—  
For praise and blame  
Are both the same  
When the bad and good are sharing.

Too much does such approving  
Seem a studied task,  
Or a ready mask,  
And not a genuine loving.

Such wholesale satisfaction  
With ill and good,  
To the full pursued  
Would stop all virtuous action.

Such doctrine, kind Professor,  
Keeping all bent  
In meek content,  
Well suits the strong oppressor.

New blandishments are on thee:—  
Let it not be said,  
When the storm is fled,  
That the sunny beam has won thee.

Phæos.

Canterbury, September 1834.

We thank our correspondent for his kind expressions, and for the interest he takes in the consequences of people's writings; but he misconceives us extremely if he supposes that we are bent upon "smirking for ever," and "on all things." Did we do so when we wrote the article entitled 'A Human Being and a Crowd'? Do we really do so at any time? Is there no mixture of gravity, of serious thoughts, of thoughts elevated to pleasures above smiling? Do we not speak of death, of the stars, of tears, of the perplexities and struggles of existing systems? And do we not attempt to persuade people out of artificial troubles and uncharitable mistakes,—things which imply a ground of seriousness, and a very grave one, too, even when visited by the sunshine of loving endeavour, instead of the doubtful light of fire and sword?

Pleasure, and that of a more pleasurable kind than usual, is, undoubtedly, the object of this journal; but pleasure of a noble sort, the pleasure of realizing

"The goods the gods provide us,"—

the pleasure recommended alike by the most doubting experiment and the most trusting faith,—that of making the utmost of this green and golden world, the smallest particles of whose surface we have not yet learned to turn to account,—that of profiting alike from the toil that is incumbent on us, and from "the lilies of the valley that toil not, neither do they spin,"—that of omitting no real manly or womanly duty, (how often do we not talk of both); but at the same time of omitting to take no fitting repose or reward for it, seeing that nothing is complete in this world but where the strong (which is health of workmanship) and the beautiful (which is fitness of result) combine to render it so, and that the same sense of a want which is given us in small things, to incite us to supply it (and therefore we do supply it) is given us, by parity of reasoning, to incite us to supply it in the greatest (and why should we not?) Mankind are small and short-lived creatures, viewed only in their present mode of being; but they are great and full of years, considered as a hopeful, a retrospective, and a future species; and when we think of a few hundreds of ages compared with the lapse of time, the happy settlement of this earth may be no greater an action in the eye of eternity than the righting of a shoe.\*

Above all, as respects ourselves, pray let our correspondent be assured that we are in earnest every jot, and that we affect nothing. We have no "studied task" (apart from the necessity of a task of some sort), and no "mask" whatever. We say nothing in it we do not think, and manifest no feelings which are not that of our daily life and our most habitual enjoyments,—our talisman against trouble, and our best reward for exertion—a leaf, a flower, a fine passage of music, or poetry, or painting, a belief in a thousand capabilities of earth and man, give us literally as much delight as we say they do. We should not otherwise have been able to get through: "a sea of troubles," nor to recommend as we do the loving light that has saved us.

We believe that if all men thought better of one another, that is to say, the best they could, doing justice to what is good, and making allowance for the causes and circumstances over which the first formation of character has no control, all "virtuous action" would be so far from "stopped," that it would proceed a thousand times more smoothly and successfully, and a stop be put to a thousand pernicious re-actions of hopelessness and resentment. Neither would the "oppressor" profit by it, except as a man bettered and instructed; for, in partaking of the charitable construction, he would learn to give it; and in the general progress of charitable knowledge, he could, neither from feeling nor good sense, remain what he is. He would know his oppression to be good for nobody but himself.

As to "blandishments," and "sunny beams," and the "storm that is fled," we think the storm is indeed fled,—not surely with our own individual head, which has yet to struggle with the consequences of resisting it, but from the fair face of the world and its hopes, and so thinking, we hold that we have a right to look after the welfare of said head, and to indulge the inclination, which, we will venture to say, was always natural to us, that of grappling in peace and good will with the hands of all men, and interchanging as many good offices as we can with all our fellow-beings, especially with those whom we conceived qualified by nature to advance the development of their best faculties, however obscured their sympathies may have been (like our own) during the melancholy irritabilities of warfare.

\* Not that we think heaven meanwhile insensible to individual suffering, whatever may be the necessity for its appearing to be so. Among the infinite mysteries of other modes of being, and its renewals, it is easy to conceive that there is some mode understood for reconciling all. But far from easy is it to conceive that the maker of sensibility can be insensible to it.

### THE TWO OAKS IN HYDE-PARK.

DEAR MR EDITOR,—Be so good as inform your correspondent who inquires about the Two Oaks, that they are lifeless, and that during the alterations, or, I believe, improvements, as they were called, which a few years ago took place in Hyde-park, when the solitude of that sequestered spot where the trees stand was invaded by a carriage drive, the idea was in charity conceived of clothing the naked members of these fakeers with a subsidiary verdure, for that of which time and nature had deprived them, thus offering to the wondering eyes of the metropolis, real old trees with real ivy round them. Shoots were planted round their bases, and a railing added to preserve the infant parasites from beasts and depredating hands.

The ivy has grown very slowly, and it has been said, though I doubt if correctly, that the dead and barren tree does not afford it sufficient encouragement. This I altogether suspect: there is not so much affinity between human and vegetable flatterers; on the contrary, I cannot but think it hard to call this beautiful climber a parasitic plant. Does it not better deserve to be called the emblem of Charity, covering with its rich and verdant mantle the most desolate and deserted objects? In the meantime, however, the trees stand like pugilists clothed upwards only to the waist, and their arms are thrown towards the sky with an air of wild and angry contention not a little singular and picturesque, and which, when they shall be crested over with the evergreen, can scarcely be excelled.—I remain dear Sir, also,  
Sept, 27, 1834.

A CONSTANT READER.

### THE SPECULATOR IN SPIKE OF HIMSELF.

[From the New French Periodical, published in London, entitled 'Le Caméléon.']

THE Count de Flamarens, having honourably terminated his military career, had retired to his estate, where an easy independence enabled him, with the help of economy, to sustain the dignity of his name. A law suit, which he had already carried with success through many courts, being taken by appeal before a higher tribunal, obliged him to make a journey to Paris. He travelled on horseback, proceeding by easy stages.

Passing through the forest of Fontainebleau, he saw a party of horsemen, who, taking a cross-road, appeared to be all travelling together. Curiosity induced him to follow them, although at the expense of going out of his way. Having proceeded some distance, they arrived at an open place in the wood, which was called the Fort de la Biche, where they all alighted, and each man tied his horse to the branch of a tree. M. de Flamarens by this time perceived that the objects of his curiosity were dressed with very little attention to appearances. It at once struck him that he was in the midst of a band of robbers; flight seemed impossible, for he saw many more approaching by the only path which would have served for his retreat. He presently bethought him that the best way to get himself through the scrape would be to do as he saw others do, and pass among the crowd for one of themselves. He therefore also dismounted, and tied his horse to a tree. His uneasiness was however much increased, when he observed all eyes fixed upon him, and the strangers, gathering in little knots, begin to whisper together, but without for an instant removing their eyes. At last one of them left the circle, and, coming straight up to him, asked him, with some embarrassment, what motive had brought him to the place? The Count, keeping to his first idea, without losing his self-possession, answered firmly, "Probably the same, sir, that has brought others." The deputed mediator retires, rejoins his companions, and the whispering is renewed with greater activity than ever. The negotiator presently returns, to offer the Count two hundred louis if he will withdraw! Astonished by so unexpected a proposal, he began to find his adventure highly diverting; without understanding anything of the business he was thus involuntarily engaged in, he answered at random, that it was not enough. The ambassador again retires, and again returns, to urge his proposal. The Count persists; and, after many trials of his firmness, is offered five hundred louis! He agrees, the gold is placed in his hands, and, mounting his horse, he departs amidst all possible civilities, as glad to get clear of his suspicious company, as they appeared to be to get rid of him.

Arrived at Milan, M. de Flamarens sought for some information that might elucidate the mys-

terious appearances he had witnessed, and, from what he learned, he gathered, that chance had brought him to Fort de la Biche, at the precise time that had been appointed for a sale which was to be made of a great part of the wood. Thence it was not difficult to conclude that he had fallen in with a party who had combined to bid for it; and that, taking him for an interloper, who will bid against them, they had thought his absence cheaply purchased at the rate of five hundred louis.

### Good News for Setters-up of London Journals.

If the desire to maximize good were present to the minds of public writers—if it were ever less their purpose to give pain to some object of individual hostility, than to further the great ends of popular felicity, the atmosphere of opinion would soon become bright and clear.—Bentham.

'Hannah More.—In her thoughts on her own way of life, at Cowslip Green, the amount of false sentiment is prodigious. She separates her religious duties from the active engagements of her life,—a fatal error, which has led to the abstraction and mysticism of nunneries and monasteries, and their consequent vices. In tending of flowers, and even in paying visits, devotion may mingle; and if admiration of the works of God and charity to our neighbours be the concomitants of either act, more religion will belong to it than to all the leisure in the world. [From an excellent article in 'Fraser's Magazine,' on the "Life and Writings of Mrs Hannah More."]

### TO CORRESPONDENTS.

WE are very sensible of the continued kindness of *The Scotsman*, and of the cordial approbation bestowed upon us by the *Glasgow Liberator*.

The Editor will attend to the wishes of Z. Z., which came too late for his last communication. He does not see, however, that the hero of the verses in question could be offended with them, even if he recognized himself as the subject; which, perhaps, among the numerous worthies of his calling, is not very likely. The portrait, though genuine, is painted in a spirit which no honest traveller through the rounds of this life could be offended with.

The author of the verses on "Betty Bolaine" fears he may have hurt the feelings of an individual who is in the enjoyment of the property she left to an intermediate party. Assuredly he had no such intention, nor did we know of the existence of that individual.

A Constant Reader says, in reference to a contingency apprehended from the late eruption of Mount Vesuvius, that it was impossible for any direction of the lava to have affected the city of Naples, as there are hills between that place and the mountain.

R. R. of Leicester, "a youthful subscriber," who will learn to blot and to concentrate as he grows older, sends us some verses on a dying soldier, of which the two following stanzas are worth extracting for the contrast they present between a domestic death-bed, and that on a field of battle:—

Trampling hoofs—the gentle hands—

To smooth his pillow down;

Savage shouts the soothing sounds

To lull his dying moan!

Frantic shrieks and curses dark,

The prayers around him said;

Ruthless drums and cannons roar

The toll when he is dead!

\* The Christianity of the *London Journal* is not of the gloomy and contradictory sort inquired into by "One of the Million."

The 'Spirit of Business' has points in it; but altogether it appears to us not worthy of the talents of its author.

'Timothy Timorous' will be good enough to find the answer to his query in the one given to E. D. in our last week's Journal.

'George Hawthorne's' idea of stories founded on the Police cases might be turned, we think, to good account; but we are unable to entertain the project in our publication.

We thought we had noticed the effusion to the 'Buttercup.' There are pleasant things in it; but it is too long. May we extract from it?

There was no offence whatsoever in the proposal of J. M. C. We shall look at his verses again.

The 'Sonnet to the Grave' shall be inserted.